A POWER COMIC

THE COMIC FOR THE PEOPLE OF POWER!

SMASH!

No. 91
28th OCT. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 9c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

BATGIRL DARES THE DYNAMIC DUO TO MEET HER ON GOTHAM BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT...

IF BATGIRL'S LEAVING THE MONEY ON THE TOWER OF THE GOTHAM BRIDGE AT *MIDNIGHT*, WHY DON'T WE--?

--GO THERE *EARLY* AND *CAPTURE* HER? NOT *CRICKET*, ROBIN!

BATGIRL HAS SET THE GROUND-RULES, AND *WE* MUST *PLAY* BY THEM!

WE'LL GRAB THE $163,727 *BEFORE* BATMAN SHOWS UP?

RIGHT! AND WHEN HE *DOES* GET THERE--

RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

BUT THE BASICALLY RIDDLER KNOWS SO MUCH RULES OF FAIR PLAY!

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11:00 P.M. AT THE MIDTOWN OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON...

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WHERE TO AT *THIS* HOUR, BARBARA?

WOULD YOU BELIEVE--A DATE WITH *BATMAN*?

POOR KID! I'M AFRAID NOTHING *THAT* ROMANTIC WILL EVER HAPPEN TO *HER*...

POOR DADDY! WHAT A SHOCK FOR *HIM* IF HE KNEW THAT I'M *BATGIRL*--AND THAT I *DO* EXPECT TO MEET BATMAN TONIGHT!

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO DRIVE AROUND TILL THE APPOINTED TIME, ROBIN!

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MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE GOTHAM CITY PUBLIC LIBRARY...

OKAY, LADY, WE'LL TAKE THAT PURSE!

GLAD TO OBLIGE!

--AND THE COAT!

LOOK WHO'S UNDER T-THAT C-COAT!

B-B-BATGIRL!!

BONG!

THUD!

YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE LITTLE MISS MUFFET?

--AND THAT SHOULD HOLD YOU FOR THE POLICE!

WITHIN THE DESERTED LIBRARY...

STOLEN $163,727 ALL IN BAG, MISSY BATGIRL!

THANK YOU, HO! IT'S THE BAIT THAT MAY CATCH BATMAN!

MAYBE DANGER! I GO WITH YOU!

NO, HO -- THIS IS SOMETHING I MUST DO MYSELF!

BATGIRL'S MESSAGE SAID THE TOP OF THE WEST TOWER OF THE GOTHAM BRIDGE --

BUT THE RASCALLY RIDDLER IS ALREADY THERE!

RICHES FOR US AND DOOM FOR BATMAN ON THE SAME NIGHT! LOVELY!

A LONG CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER-- AND MY MEETING WITH BATMAN!

THE BOLA FROM MY UTILITY BELT SHOULD HELP!

THROWN WITH GAUCHO-LIKE EFFICIENCY, THE LEAD BALL STREAKS UPWARD--

--CLEVER! BUT WHAT CHANCE DOES THE UNSUSPECTING GIRL STAND AGAINST THE RIDDLER NEXT WEEK?

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BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967

THIS WILL KEEP YOU OUT OF MISCHIEF. YOU'RE NOT TO DO ANYTHING EXCEPT SKIP— UNDERSTAND, PENNY?

BAH! SKIPPING'S FOR SISSIES!—

NEVER MIND— I MIGHT HAVE FUN WITH THIS, AFTER ALL!

EEK! MY BEST TEA SET!

BOOM! BANG! CRASH!

PENNY!

WHAT'S WRONG, MUM? I'M ONLY SKIPPIN' LIKE YOU SAID!

BOOM! CRASH!

MY BEST TEA SET AND MY NERVES — SHATTERED! JUST WAIT TILL I CATCH YOU, MY GIRL!

TEE! HEE! YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST!

NO SIGN OF PENNY TODAY — PEACEFUL, ISN'T IT— AAAH!

BOP!

EEK!

LOOKS LIKE YOUR HELMET HAS SKIPPED OFF, OFFICER.

BURP!

COO! IT MAKES A SMASHING BOLAS!

TRY AH' GET IT!

GIVE ME BACK MY WHEEL, YOU ROTTER!

SSH, READERS—

HOI! L-LET GO OF MY ROPE!

ALL RIGHT, PENNY — I'LL LET GO!

???

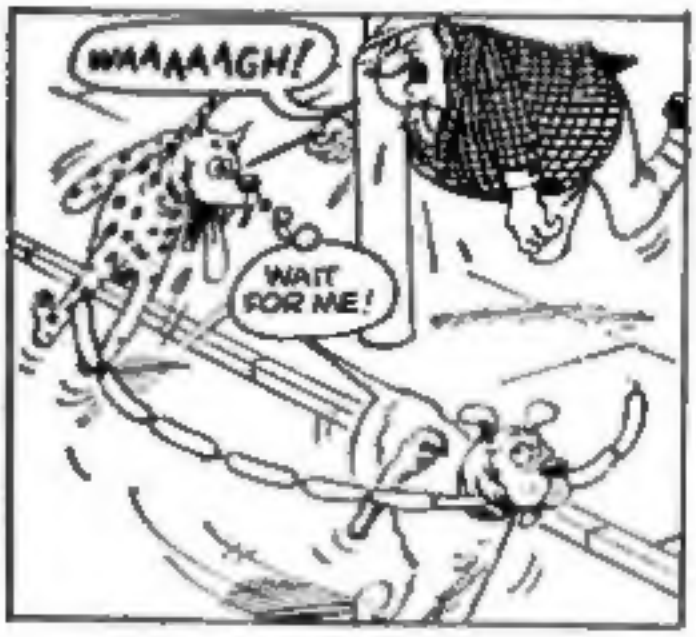
WHEEEEE!

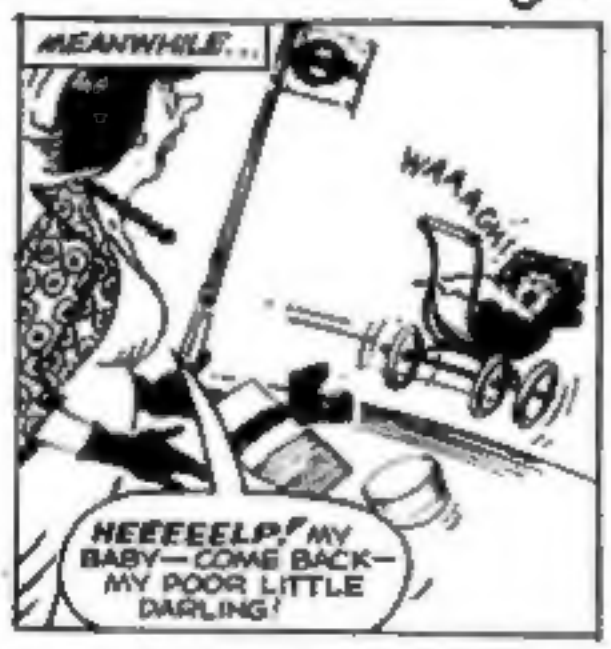
THANK YOU, OFFICER! YOU CAN LEAVE HER TO ME — I KNOW WHAT SHE NEEDS, AND I'M NOT GOING TO SKIP GIVING IT TO HER!

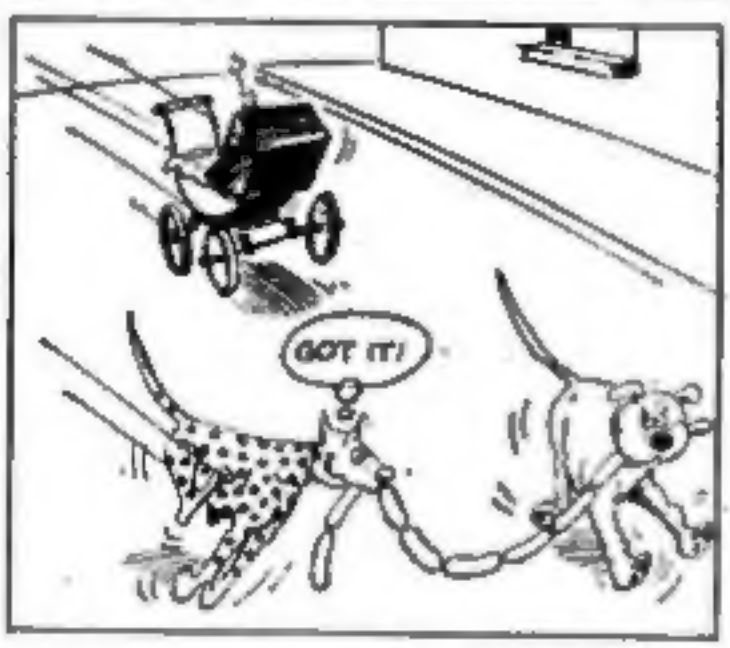
B-GULP!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT..

RONNIE RICH







DAREDEVIL

"IN MORTAL COMBAT WITH... SUB-MARINER!"

MANY THOUSANDS OF FATHOMS BENEATH THE SEA, A SCENE TAKES PLACE WHICH WILL SOON AFFECT THE LIFE OF ***DAREDEVIL***... AND INDEED, PERHAPS THE LIVES OF ***ALL*** OF US WHO CALL OURSELVES ***THE HUMAN RACE!!***

AN ENCOUNTER DESTINED TO BE HAILED AS ONE OF THE PROUDEST ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THIS, THE NEW ***POWER PERIOD OF COMICS!***

OH, REGAL ***NAMOR THE FIRST***, PRINCE OF ATLANTIS, EMPEROR OF THE DEEP, LORD OF THE SEVEN SEAS, AND SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE UNDERSEA LEGIONS...HOW MUCH LONGER MUST THY PEOPLE BE DENIED OUR RIGHTFUL PLACE ON THE ***SURFACE OF EARTH?***

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965

YOUR SUBJECTS GROW RESTLESS, MY LORD! THEY LONG TO BASK IN THE HEAT OF THE SUN, TO GAZE UPON THE COUNTLESS STARS, TO RETURN TO THE LANDS FROM WHICH WE FLED MANY AGES AGO!

YOU SPEAK ***HALF-TRUTHS, KRANG!*** THE SURFACE ***IS*** OUR RIGHTFUL HERITAGE. BUT--

--OUR PEOPLE DO NOT WISH TO SHED ANY MORE BLOOD IN BATTLE WITH THE HUMANS!

IT IS ***YOU***, MY ***WARLORD*** WHO HUNGERS FOR COMBAT-- WHOSE SOUL LONGS FOR NEW CONQUESTS!

AND YET, I WOULD NOT BE TRUE TO MY ROYAL TRUST IF I DO NOT TRY TO REGAIN THE SURFACE WORLD FOR ATLANTIS! BUT, THERE MUST BE ***ANOTHER*** WAY--A WAY SHORT OF ***WAR!***

DO NOT HEED THE WORDS OF ***KRANG***, MY LORD! HIS HEART IS AS EVIL AS THE BARRACUDA!

SILENCE, LADY DORMA! KRANG IS A WARRIOR! HE DOES HIS DUTY! THAT IS ALL THAT MATTERS!

I SHALL VISIT THE SURFACE AGAIN, WARLORD! I SHALL PRESENT NEW DEMANDS TO THE HUMAN RACE!

BUT, WHY ALERT THEM? LET US ATTACK WITHOUT WARNING!

AND RESUMIR THE HONOUR OF FAIR ATLANTIS?! NEVER!

IF MY LEGIONS ARE NEEDED, I SHALL SUMMON YOU! BUT FIRST, I SHALL RELY ON REASON, AND INTERNATIONAL LAW! FAREWELL!

THE FOOL! THE HUMANS WILL DESTROY HIM--AND THEN I SHALL SEIZE POWER AND RULE ATLANTIS IN HIS STEAD!

KRANG THINKS I AM UNAWARE OF HIS RUTHLESS AMBITION, HIS UNQUENCHABLE DESIRE FOR MY CROWN, AND FOR THE HAND OF LADY DORMA!

BUT I AM NAMOR, THE AVENGING SON! NONE CAN TAKE WHAT IS MINE BY DIVINE RIGHT!

KRANG IS MY ABLEST WARLORD, AND SO I TOLERATE HIS PETTY DECEPTIONS! AND NOW--TO THE SURFACE WORLD!

SOME TIME LATER, IN THE MIDTOWN LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK, KAREN PAGE, THEIR LOVELY SECRETARY, CRIES OUT IN AMAZEMENT...

MATT! IN THE STREET BELOW--IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE!

WHAT IS IT, KAREN? WHAT DO YOU SEE?

I HEAR PEOPLE SHOUTING--THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS--BUT I CANNOT YET SENSE THE CAUSE OF SUCH ALARM!

AND, IN THE STREET BELOW...

THEY RECOGNIZE ME! THEY FLEE IN PANIC! SHALL SUCH AS THESE RULE OVER EARTH INSTEAD OF NAMOR?!!

TAKE COVER! GET OFF THE STREETS!

IT'S NAMOR!! THE SUB-MARINER!!

BUT, ONCE THE FIRST SUDDEN SHOCK HAS PASSED--ONCE IT IS CLEAR THAT NAMOR IS ALONE AND UNARMED, THE PEOPLE STAND THEIR GROUND, WATCHING IN SILENT BEWILDERMENT...!

BEFORE RESORTING TO FORCE, I SHALL ADOPT THE METHODS OF THE SURFACE DWELLERS! I SHALL PRESS MY CLAIM LEGALLY!

BUT, I AM UNFAMILIAR WITH SURFACE CUSTOMS--I KNOW NOTHING OF THE HUMANS' LAW! SO, I SHALL ENGAGE THE SERVICES OF AN ATTORNEY!

BETTER STAND ASIDE--GIVE HIM ROOM! HE WALKS AS CONFIDENTLY AS IF WE DON'T EVEN EXIST!

ANY LAWYER WILL DO! THERE MUST BE DOZENS WITHIN AN OFFICE BUILDING AS LARGE AS THIS ONE!

BUT, WHAT MANNER OF DOOR IS THIS? I CANNOT FATHOM ITS PURPOSE!

NO MATTER--I SHALL PAY FOR WHATEVER DAMAGE I DO AT SOME LATER DATE!

DIRECTORY

NOW FOR THE FIRST ATTORNEY I FIND! AH! NELSON AND MURDOCK! I'M CERTAIN THEY WILL DO AS WELL AS ANY OTHERS!

THEN, AFTER WAITING IMPATIENTLY FOR THE ELEVATOR...

THE LORD OF ATLANTIS WAITS FOR NOTHING!

THE CAR IS NOT BEHIND THE DOORS! PERHAPS IT IS ON A FLOOR ABOVE--!

WHEN NAMOR IS RULER OF THE SURFACE WORLD, THERE SHALL BE AN END TO SUCH PRIMITIVE, UNSATISFACTORY DEVICES!

EXACTLY SIXTY SECONDS LATER...

THE SUB-MARINER!

I WISH TO ENGAGE A LAWYER! HAVE I COME TO THE CORRECT PLACE?

SPEAK! TIME IS AS PRECIOUS TO PRINCE NAMOR AS THE GOLDEN SHELLS OF THE FABLED REEF OF JEWELS!

CRASH!

MATT! IT'S THE SUB-MARINER! WHAT CAN WE DO?

I SUGGEST WE LISTEN TO HIM, KAREN, AND HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!

MY PEOPLE HAVE DWELLED BENEATH THE SEA SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL! NOW, WE DEMAND OUR RIGHTFUL PLACE ON THE *SURFACE* OF EARTH!

I WISH TO *SUE* THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE FOR DEPRIVING US OF OUR *BIRTH-RIGHT!*

I'M AFRAID THAT WOULD BE *IM-POSSIBLE!* THERE IS NO LEGAL PRECEDENT FOR IT! ALSO, THERE IS NO ONE NATION WHICH REPRESENTS THE HUMAN RACE!

YOU WEARY ME WITH DETAILS! A *PRINCE* DOES NOT CONCERN HIMSELF WITH PETTY PROBLEMS!

BUT, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? YOU HAVE NO *CASE!* YOU CANNOT COME TO COURT WITHOUT *EVIDENCE!* YOU'D MAKE A *LAUGHING STOCK* OF YOURSELF!

MIND YOUR TONGUE, SURFACE MAN! YOU ARE ADDRESSING A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD!

MY PARTNER IS *RIGHT,* NAMOR! WE'D *LOVE* TO TAKE YOUR CASE -- IT WOULD MAKE US THE MOST FAMOUS LAWYERS ON EARTH! BUT, WITHOUT A LEGAL BASIS FOR LAW-SUIT, THEY'D KICK US OUT OF COURT!

YOUR WORDS HAVE THE *RING OF TRUTH* TO THEM! I KNOW YOU BELIEVE WHAT YOU SAY!

BUT I *MUST* PRESENT MY CLAIM! I *MUST* BE HEARD! OTHERWISE, OUR TWO RACES SHALL FIGHT A WAR TO THE DEATH -- A WAR WHICH *NEITHER* CAN WIN!

I SHALL *FORCE* THEM TO TAKE ME TO COURT! AND THEN, THE WORLD WILL *HAVE* TO LISTEN!

FORCE THEM?! WHAT DO YOU *MEAN?!*

YOU SHALL *SEE,* SOON ENOUGH!

THE SUB-MARINER WILL *SUMMON* YOU WHEN READY!

CRASH

WHEN DAD SENT ME TO COLLEGE TO STUDY CORPORATION LAW AND CIVIL COURTS PROCEDURE, I WONDER IF HE EVER THOUGHT THERE'D BE DAYS LIKE *THIS?!*

OH, MATT! IF YOU COULD HAVE *SEEN* HIM! SO ARROGANT, SO MERCILESS, AND SO SUPREMELY CONFIDENT OF HIS *POWER!*

STRANGE! I SENSED A MAN OF GREAT HONOUR -- OF INTENSE PRIDE AND INNATE NOBILITY!

I WONDER -- WHICH IS THE *REAL* SUB-MARINER?

THEN, IN THE HOURS THAT FOLLOW...

ALTHOUGH HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN OUR CITY WAS PEACEFUL, PRINCE NAMOR SEEMS TO HAVE GONE *BERSERK!*

EXTRA!

SUB-MARINER RUNS AMOK IN CITY!

THE MORE DAMAGE I DO, THE MORE THEY'LL TRY TO CAPTURE ME! THEN, ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN CUSTOMS, THEY'LL *HAVE* TO TAKE ME TO COURT! IT'S THE ONLY WAY!

YET, NAMOR OVER-LOOKS ONE *OTHER* POSSIBILITY -- CONSIDERED A DANGEROUS THREAT TO PUBLIC SAFETY, HE MIGHT BE *SLAIN* BEFORE HIS CAPTURE!

OUR ORDERS ARE: STOP HIM BY ANY MEANS!

BUT, IN THE NOW LONELY, DARKENED OFFICE WHERE ONCE A BLIND LAWYER HAD STOOD, *ANOTHER* BEGINS TO TAKE HIS PLACE...

I'VE SECRETLY WORKED FOR MONTHS TO REDESIGN MY FIGHTING COSTUME -- TO MAKE IT MORE COMFORTABLE -- MORE DISTINCTIVE! BUT, I NEVER EXPECTED TO WEAR IT AGAINST SUCH A FANTASTIC FOE!

AND THEN, WITH THE SKILL OF A TRAINED ACROBAT, THE STEALTH OF A JUNGLE STALKER, AND THE COURAGE OF A -- *DAREDEVIL,* THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER TAKES TO THE ROOF-TOPS...!

UNTIL...

NO TRACE OF HIM YET!

WAIT! THE SOUND OF A LOW-FLYING SMALL PLANE ENGINE! COMING THIS WAY!

RRRR

IT MUST BE A MILITARY OBSERVER PLANE, SEEKING PRINCE NAMOR! HE'LL REACH HERE IN SECONDS!

THERE'S A TV ANTENNA ON THE ROOF BELOW! IF I TIME THIS JUST RIGHT...

MADE IT! AND NOW, USING THE FLEXIBLE STEEL AS A MAKESHIFT *SPRINGBOARD...*

--AND, GUIDED BY THE SOUND OF THE ROARING ENGINE...

--THIS IS AS *EASY* A FEAT AS ANY I'VE EVER ATTEMPTED!

LOOKS LIKE WE PICKED UP AN AIRBORNE *HITCH-HIKER*, CAPTAIN!

IT'S *DAREDEVIL!* KEEP HER FLYING *STEADY*, PHIL! WE DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO SHAKE HIM LOOSE!

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT *HIM*, SIR! EVEN IF HE FELL OFF, HE'D FIND SOME WAY TO BOUNCE RIGHT BACK AGAIN!

HOLD IT! THERE'S A REPORT COMING IN ON THE RADIO!

ATTENTION ALL SEARCH UNITS! ENEMY SIGHTED AT *WATERFRONT*-- VICINITY OF PIER 94! PROCEED WITH CAUTION!

I'M IN *LUCK!* HE'S BEEN *FOUND* AGAIN!

MOMENTS LATER...

WHEN WILL YOU PUNY HUMANS REALIZE *NONE* OF YOU ARE A MATCH FOR THE *SUB-MARINER* ?!!

I *SEE* HIM-- RIGHT BELOW US, CAPTAIN!

LOOK! DAREDEVIL JUST RELEASED HIS GRIP!

THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

IF I CALCULATED THE PLANE'S SPEED AND DIRECTION PERFECTLY, THERE'S A HANGING TRAFFIC LIGHT DIRECTLY BELOW ME!

AND, IF I MADE A MISTAKE, IT'LL BE TOO BAD FOR POOR *FOGGY!* HE'LL HAVE TO FIND HIMSELF ANOTHER LAW PARTNER!

I HEAR NAMOR JUST BELOW ME! HIS HEART-BEAT IS SO STRONG IT'S ALMOST *DEAFENING* TO MY HYPER-SENSITIVE EARS!

THE *FIRST* THING I'VE GOT TO DO IS SLOW HIM DOWN--SOFTEN HIM UP LONG ENOUGH TO TALK SOME *SENSE* INTO HIM!

YOU *DARE!!!*

WHUK

THUP

NOW SIMMER DOWN, NAMOR! I'VE SOMETHING TO *SAY* TO YOU!

I SPEAK TO *NO* COSTUMED ATTACKER! YOU MUST *PAY* FOR YOUR INSOLENCE!

C'MERE, LITTLE BILLY CLUB! I'M GONNA *NEED* YOU!

JUST IN TIME! HIS BLOW IS LIKE A *BATTERING RAM!* ONE SLIP COULD BE MY LAST!

SO BEGINS A BATTLE DESTINED TO MAKE COMIC HISTORY! AND IT'S HAPPENING HERE NEXT WEEK!

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

TEN PROUD POWER POP WINNERS

The air was thick with concentration in the garret up here the other day—the judging of the Power Pop Competition was in progress.

Chairing the session was Affable Alf himself, and his expert judges were Derek Chinnery, one of B.B.C.'s top pop programme producers, and Jack Hutton, editor of Melody Maker. Surfacing for air from time to time, the trio eventually decided that the best selection received was the following. What a show that would be!

The Barron Knights, Cliff Richard, Dusty Springfield, Ken Dodd, The Mamas and Papas, The Monkees, Petula Clark, The Shadows, Tom Jones, Val Doonican.

Eight readers had sent this selection, but there were ten Raleigh "Mustang" bicycles to be won—so the intrepid trio got their heads down again to find the two next best entries. The ten prizewinners who will shortly be receiving a "Mustang" are:—

Ian Brown, High Howdon, Wallsend, Northumberland; Nigel Duffield, Park End Estate, Middlesbrough, Yorks.; Jim Kinloch, Weston, Dunsyre, Lanark; Kenneth Mackenzie, Sutton Courtenay, Abingdon, Berks.; Stephen Oldroyd, Jump, nr. Barnsley, Yorks.; Brian Simpson, Glenrothes, Fife, Scotland; Ian Welsh, Crook, Co. Durham; Marcus Willis, Bedminster, Bristol 3; Gavin Hetherington, Westerkirk, Langholm, Dumfriesshire; Anthony Jackson, New Noston, Manchester 10.

Well done, Frantic Ones, and happy riding! Remember, although Sweden recently switched to driving on the right we still ride on the left!

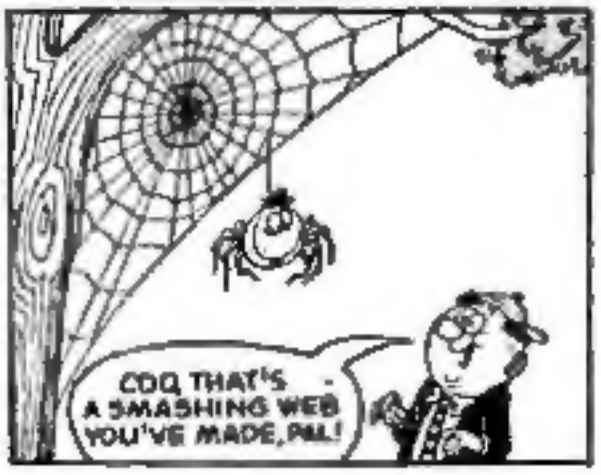
WELL, HERE THEY ARE! Right here on this page! What so many of you Powerhousers have been waiting for! THE RESULTS OF OUR GREAT POWER POP COMPETITION!

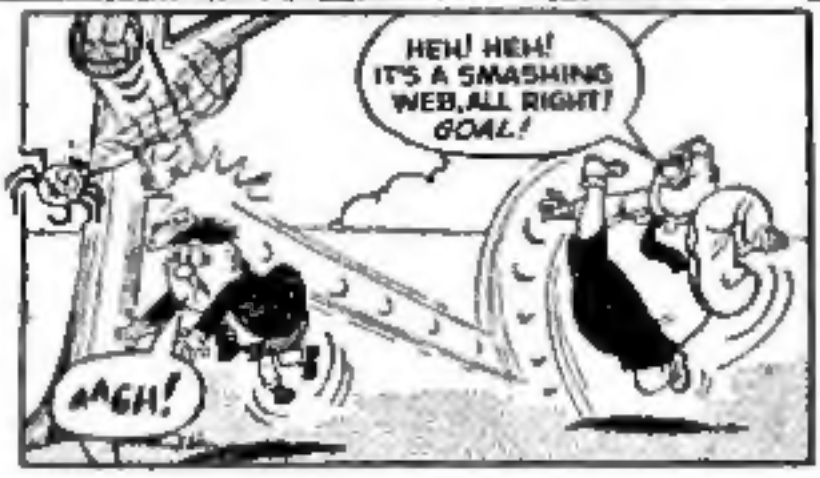
But that's a separate section. Right here we have ANOTHER announcement to make. An announcement which repeals something we set down quite a while back. Just to get things straight! To put down the facts again! To pen once again the FEARLESS POLICY BEHIND POWER!! In other words, we'd like to discourse a while on our much-envied, much-appreciated, and much-discussed connection with our very good friends, the MARVEL COMICS GROUP in America. Why are we bringing the whole subject up again? Because so many of you followers are either puzzled about the appearance of the magical Marvel characters in our papers, or have got the wrong slant on the thing entirely. So . . . NOW HEAR THIS! Many moons back, when we were planning the Power Pack, we looked around for the finest picture-story material to put into them. And, not at all surprisingly, we settled for the stories featuring the Merry Marvel Costumed Kookies.

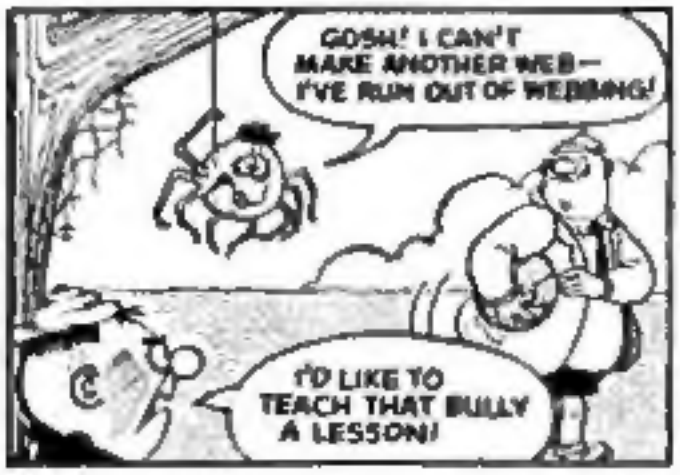
We decided we could do no greater service to our readers than offer them, in trans-Atlantic serialised version, the full range of these classics of comicdom. For those who had not yet read the Marvel papers, here was something that SHOULD NOT be missed. For others who were already Marvel fans, here, in Power papers, was the chance to read them all again, from the beginning, in chronological order. We have unshakable faith in our belief that by offering you the finest comic work produced in America, plus our home-grown picture story products (humour and adventure) we extend to our readers the greatest combination of talent ever assembled in any comic mag. And your response . . . the growth of the Brotherhood of Power . . . has proved that the policy we chose WAS THE RIGHT ONE!

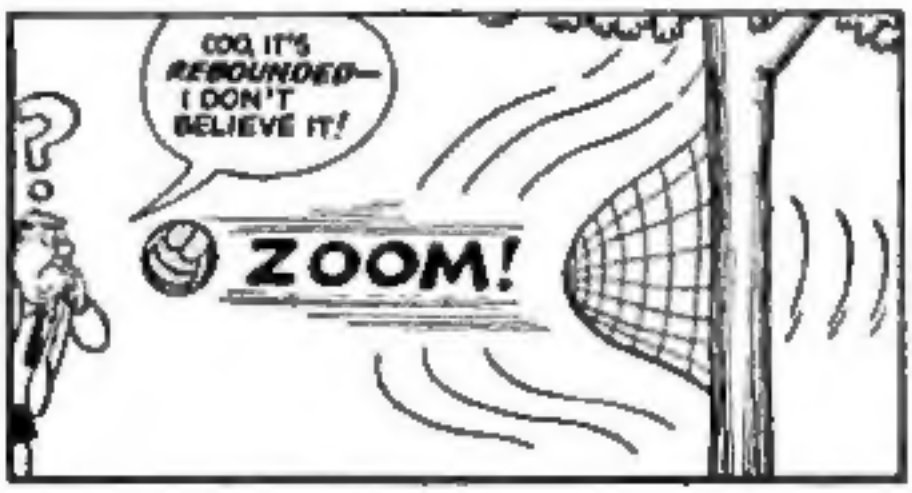
So that's it, tigers. The combination of the best in American and English comic stories' . . . Power and Marvel . . . is something which cannot be had ANYWHERE else! Is there more we can do?!!

PERCY'S PETS







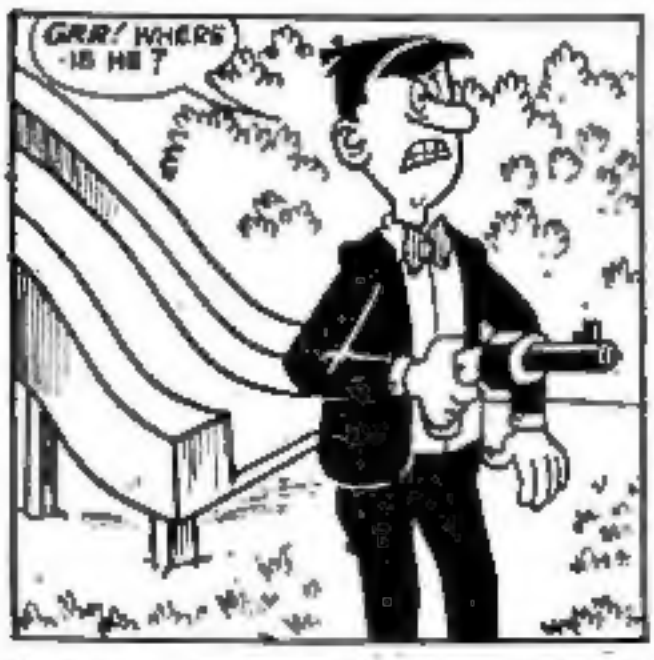


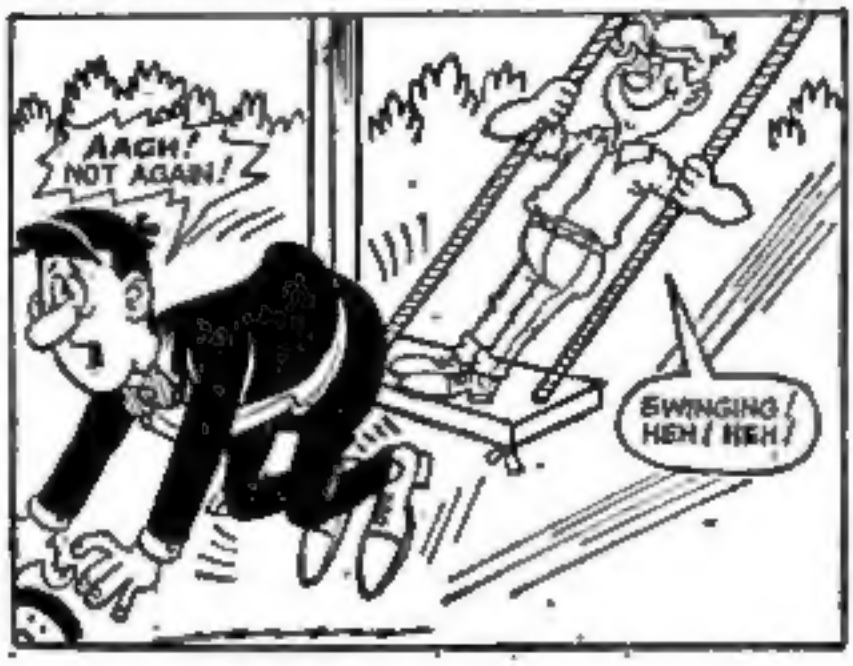
GOOD JOB THEY'D RUN OUT OF THAT NYLON THREAD AND WE HAD TO USE ELASTIC AFTER ALL!
YEAH! JUST THE JOB FOR CATCHING 'FLY' BOYS LIKE HIM! SNIGGER!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

GRR! THIS THING HOLDS ONE HUNDRED BIG SQUIRTS—AND EVERYONE OF THEM IS FOR THIS LITTLE SQUIRT!
AAGH! A HUNDRED TO ONE— THAT AIN'T FAIR!





GRR! I'LL BE READY FOR HIM NEXT TIME!

WAA-AAH! MUMMY—DADDY— THAT MAN PINCHED MY CLUB! WAA-AAH!

COME OUT! COME OUT! WHEREVER YOU ARE!

HO! HO! HE MUST BE AS BLIND AS A BAT!

YOO-HOO! GUESS WHO!

???

HAVE ONE ON ME! SNIGGER!

AAAGH!

BLAT!

SERVES BAD MAN RIGHT!

OFF WE GO AGAIN!

ZOOM!

THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT ME— I DON'T GIVE UP EASILY!

TALLY-HO! HERE I COME AGAIN!

OH, NO!

SNAP!

COO! HIS LUCK'S BROKEN AT LAST—AND SO HAS THAT ROPE!

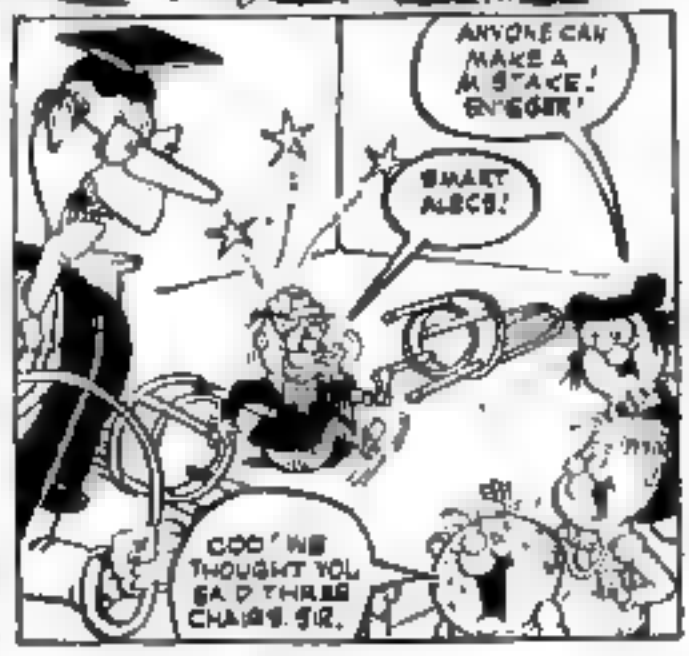
AAGH! HELP! SOMEONE THROW ME UP A PARACHUTE!

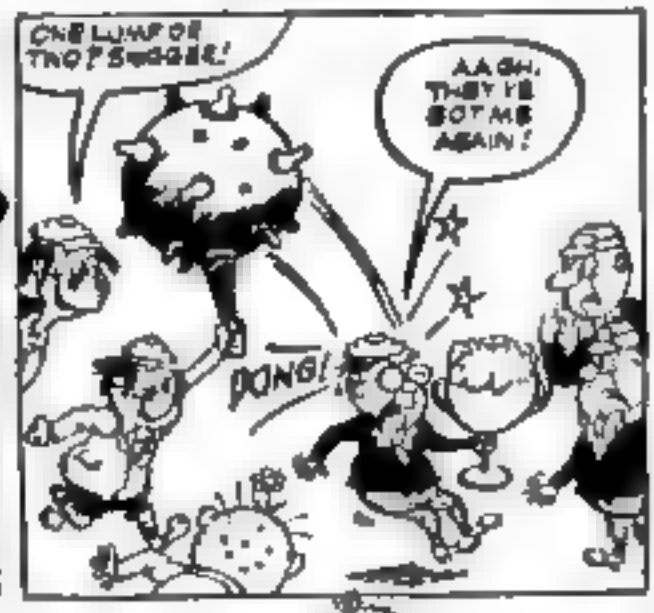
COO! THERE'S A FEW MILLION SQUIRTS IN THAT LOT—IT'S GOT MY WATER PISTOL WHACKED!

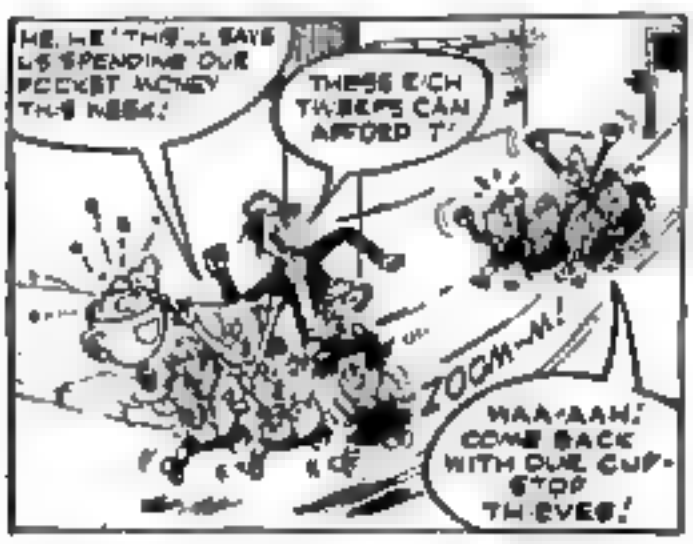
GRR! FUME!

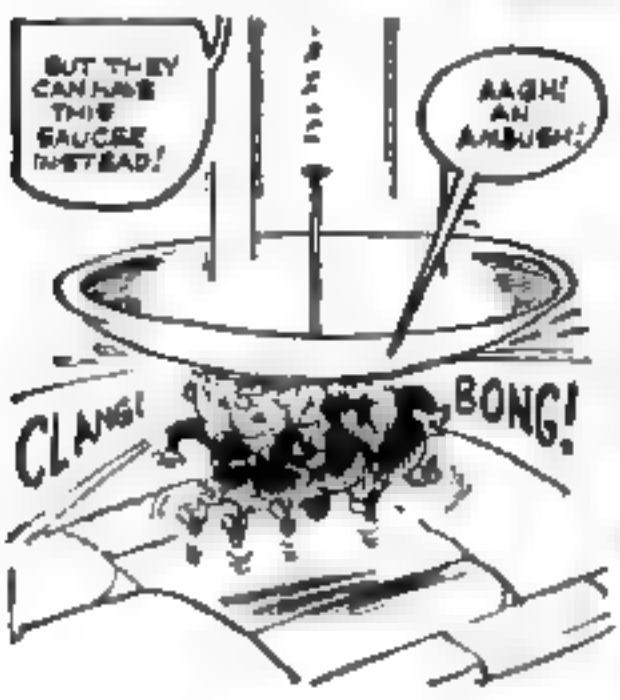
YES, VIEWERS—IF YOU'VE GOT A WATER PISTOL LIKE THIS—YOU CAN REALLY SOAK YOUR MATES—AND I'VE PROVED IT!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS






HE, HE! THIS'LL SAVE US SPENDING OUR POCKET MONEY THIS WEEK!
THESE SWOTS CAN AFFORD IT!
ZOOM-M!
WAA-AAH! COME BACK WITH OUR CUP - STOP THIEVES!



UNFORTUNATELY FOR THOSE STUPID BLOTS WE SWOTS HAVE INTELLIGENCE AND WE MUST USE IT - THAT SAUCER WILL COME IN EXTREMELY USEFUL!

CLARENCE IS THE SCHOOL DISCUS CHAMPION.

THROW!

YEAH! AND THAT'S SOME D SOUS: SNIGGER!

AAGH, WHAT'S THIS?

IT'S THAT BLINKING SAUCER YOU TWERP-THEY'VE SENT IT AFTER US.

ZOOOOM-M-M!

RUSH-H-H!

AAGH! DUCK BEFORE IT SLICES OUR HEADS OFF!

ZOOM!

EEK! A FLYING CUP AND SAUCER!

THE MARTIANS HAVE ARRIVED! AAGH

WHIZ-Z-Z!

FOLLOW IT, LADS DON'T LOSE IT! IT'S GOT TO COME DOWN SOMETIME!

ZOOM-M!

ROTTEN SNEAKY SWOTS: GRRR!

DAZED!

WHO NEEDS ME? I'M ONLY THEIR TEACHER -THAT'S ALL!

DROP!

AIEE! WH-WHAT'S THIS?

DR-OP-P!

SPLAT!

OH DEAR! THAT POOR MAN -HE'S BEEN KNOCKED OUT -POOR LITTLE SOUL!

GARBLE!

I'D BETTER TRY TO BRING HIM ROUND!

FIZZ!

AN OLD TRICK I GOT FROM WATCHING WESTERNS!

AAGH, NO, DON'T- DON'T.

?

HELP! WHAT? GLUB!

WAA-AAH! OUR LOVELY POP! TEACHER'S GOT IT!

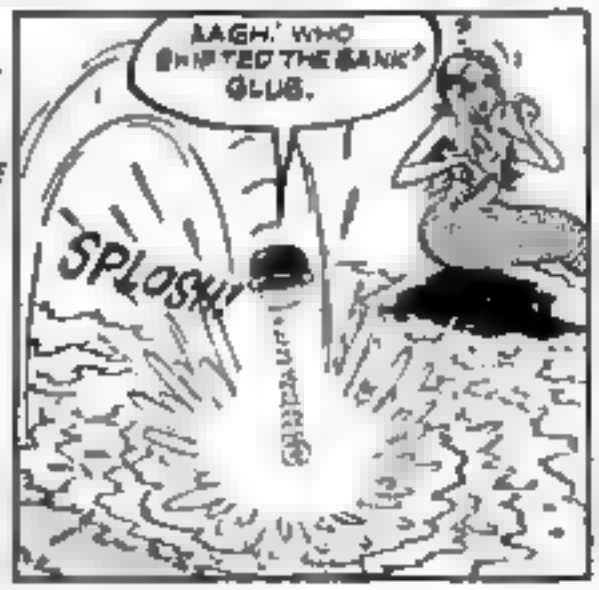
AND IT WAS DELICIOUS TOO! SLURP!

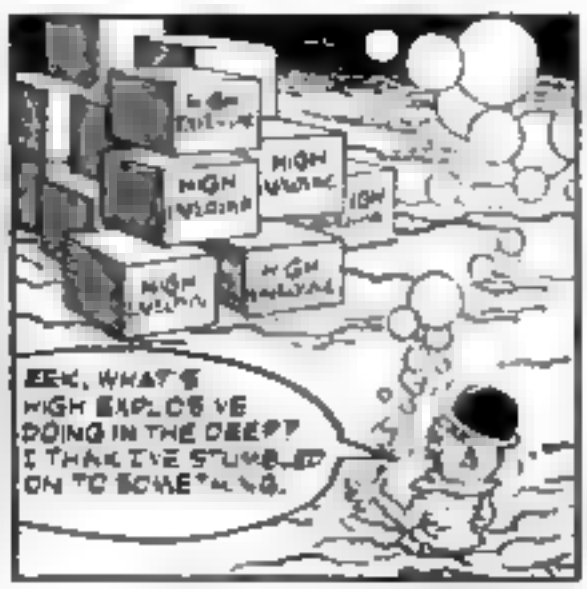
???

GREEDY ROTTEN PINCH NG TEACH! HOWL!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

THE BOSS HAS SENT ME OFF ON A FORTN GHT'S HOL DAY— I BET HE MISSES ME TERR BLY!
HEH! HEH! HEH! THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE HE'LL GET GOBBLED UP BY A MAN-EATING MINNOW!
RUB!
EE-EEEK!
COO! — WHAT'S OLD LARRY BEEN?
LEAP! (LOVER'S LEAP!)




HIGH EXPLOSIVE
HIGH EXPLOSIVE
HIGH EXPLOSIVE
EEK, WHAT'S HIGH EXPLOSIVE DOING IN THE DEEP? I THAK I'VE STUMBLED ON TO SOMETHING.

BUT YOU NOT LIVE TO TELL ANYBODY, FOOL — NO ONE SHALL STOP THANATH'S TIME!
AAGH. SHE'S GOT ME WITH HER EYEBROW PENCIL — OR IT'S SPY GLOW?
BLAT!

SLURP!

I WONDER IF THAT MAN-EATING MINNOW'S CAUGHT HIM YET? SIGH.

AND NOW MY FOOLISH LITTLE FRIEND SHALL WE TAKE A JOURNEY?

ER-A RETURN TICKET I HOPE? G-GULP.

AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS — EMMA PEEL HAS NOTHING ON ME.

ER-BE SEEING YOU. I'VE GOT A-ER-TRUNK CALL! GULP!

NUMBER THREE IVAN AT THE DOUBLE!

AYE AYE, MA'AM!

LIFT 36

NOTHING LIKE LIFTS WHEN YOU'RE ON HOLIDAY!

I NOT LIKE FUNNY GUYS!

BLAT!

CRUMBLE!

AAGH, NOBODY THINKS I'M FUNNY!

AAGH, YOU FOOL, YOU'VE LET HIM OUT -AFTER HIM!

CRASH!

I CAN'T GO AFTER HIM — THE HOLE'S TOO SMALL.

PRESS THE BUTTON - TAKE THE LIFT DOWN YOU BRAINLESS BABBOON!

I'VE GOT TO WARN THE BOSS - AND QUICK. THAT DAMB'S UP TO NO GOOD - EVEN I CAN SEE THAT!

ZOOM!

BUT I FOOLED HER THIS WEEK, DIDN'T I - DID I NOT, EH?

YEAH! YOU SURE DID, LARRY!!

ONE TREE SURGEON COMING UP!

HEH! HEH! I'VE NEVER OPERATED ON A FOOL BEFORE - MAYBE THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE. CACKLE. CACKLE.

COMPLETE OBLIV ON!

SEE YOU ALL NEXT WEEK!

BUT WILL HE? DON'T MISS NEXT ISH!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"A WORLD HE NEVER MADE!"

THROUGH A STARTLING SET OF CIRCUMSTANCES THE MOST POWERFUL MORTAL ON EARTH FINDS HIMSELF ON A FANTASTIC SPACE SHIP, HURTLING TOWARDS THE STARS!

ALTHOUGH THE INCREDIBLE HULK HAS NO WAY OF GUESSING HIS DESTINATION WE WHO WERE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO READ THE LAST ISH KNOW THAT HE SOON WILL CONFRONT THE MYSTERIOUS...THE UNCANNY... HIGH EVOLUTIONARY... SOMEWHERE IN DEEPEST SPACE!!

WHEREVER THIS SHIP IS HEADING IT'S LEAVING EARTH! ... AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE HULK!

A VOICE... COMING FROM THAT RADIO!

PLANET HUNDAGORE CALLING SIR RAM!! PLANET HUNDAGORE CALLING SIR RAM!!

CALLING SOMEONE

DO YOU RECEIVE ME? COME IN SIR RAM!!

HUNDAGORE?? SIR RAM??

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

SIR RAM!! DO YOU HAVE PRISONER ON BOARD?! I MUST KNOW! COME IN, SIR RAM!

SO... HE WANTS AN ANSWER...!

THE HULK IS ON BOARD... BUT THE HULK IS NOBODY'S PRISONER!

THIS IS THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY CALLING SIR RAM! YOUR SHIP IS IN DANGER!

HE DOESN'T HEAR ME!

DON'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE HIM HEAR ME!

DON'T KNOW WHAT BUTTONS TO PUSH... OR WHAT KNOBS TO TURN!

BUT HULK DOESN'T CARE!

WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO ME?!

ALL THAT MATTERS IS I'M LEAVING EARTH!!

NOW WON'T HOUND ME ANY MORE! I'LL BE FREE! FREE!!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1967

I CANNOT REACH THE SHIP! SIR RAM DOES NOT ANSWER! BUT I MUST REACH HIM! I MUST!!

ACCORDING TO MY KARMA STAR-TRACKER HE'S HEADED FOR A COSMIC STORM!

HE CAN ONLY SAVE HIMSELF BY FOLLOWING MY INSTRUCTIONS!

BUT I CAN'T SAVE HIM WITHOUT RADIO CONTACT!

IN ANOTHER TEN MINUTES IT WILL BE TOO LATE!! ..TOO LATE FOR ANYTHING!

CONTROLS KEEP BUZZING. LIGHTS FLASH ON AND OFF.

BUT NONE OF IT MEANS ANYTHING TO HULK!

THE PILOT WILL UNDERSTAND!

I'LL GO FIND HIM! HULK DIDN'T HIT HIM TOO HARD. HE SHOULD BE AWAKE NOW.

CARGO

AND SO HE WHO HAD BEEN DR. BRUCE BANNER, ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS, WANDERED THROUGH THE SHIP MANACALLY UNCONCERNED ..SENSELESSLY UNCOMPREHENDING...

...WHILE THE PILOTLESS SPACECRAFT HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE HEART OF A DEADLY COSMIC STORM...!

AND, AS THE FATEFUL SECONDS SPEED BY

ONLY THE INCREDIBLE HULK HAS ENOUGH POWER TO SAVE ME FROM THE MONSTERS I'VE CREATED!

IF HE SHOULD BE LOST TO US NOW, THEN MY ENTIRE LIFE'S WORK SHALL HAVE BEEN--IN VAIN!

HE MUST MAKE IT!!

HE MUST GET THROUGH... HE MUST!!

I THOUGHT I HAD CREATED A UTOPIA HERE ON THIS FAR-OFF WORLD...

BY SPEEDING UP THE EVOLUTION OF ORDINARY EARTH-BEASTS I TRANSFORMED THEM INTO SEMI-HUMAN THINKING CREATURES... INTO MY KNIGHTS OF WARMCORE!

BUT NOW THEY'VE TURNED SAVAGE AGAIN... MORE WILD, MORE BESTIAL THAN EVER!

I CAN CONTROL THEM NO LONGER!

MY ONLY CHANCE IS... THE HULK!!

BUT IF THE COSMIC STORM DESTROYS THE SHIP THEN ALL HOPE IS...GONE!

MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE SEEMINGLY DOOMED SHIP, THE GREEN-SKINNED GIANT RETURNS TO WHERE HE HAD LEFT THE UNCONSCIOUS PILOT...

SHIP STILL FLYING.. OUT OF CONTROL... ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN..!

THE CONTROL ROOM!..MUST REACH IT!

MUST SEE WHERE WE ARE HEADING!!

HULK WILL TAKE YOU THERE!

YOU!! STAY BACK! COME NO CLOSER!

EVEN HERE... OUT IN SPACE THE HULK IS FEARED!!

IS THERE NO PLACE WHERE I CAN BE TRUSTED!?...WHERE THE HULK CAN FIND... A FRIEND!?

I...DID NOT REALIZE... THAT YOU...

ALL I SEE IS SKY...WITH DARK CLOUDS AHEAD!

WAIT!! LOOK THERE--ON THE VIEW SCREEN!

WHY ARE YOU AFRAID?

THOSE ARE NO ORDINARY DARK CLOUDS..!

WE'RE HEADING INTO A COSMIC STORM!! IF WE CANNOT CHANGE COURSE IN TIME ..!!
LOOK OUT!! THE FIRST BLAST HE ALREADY HITTING US!
RIP SNARING!! CAN'T STAND!! EVERYTHING SPINNING..!

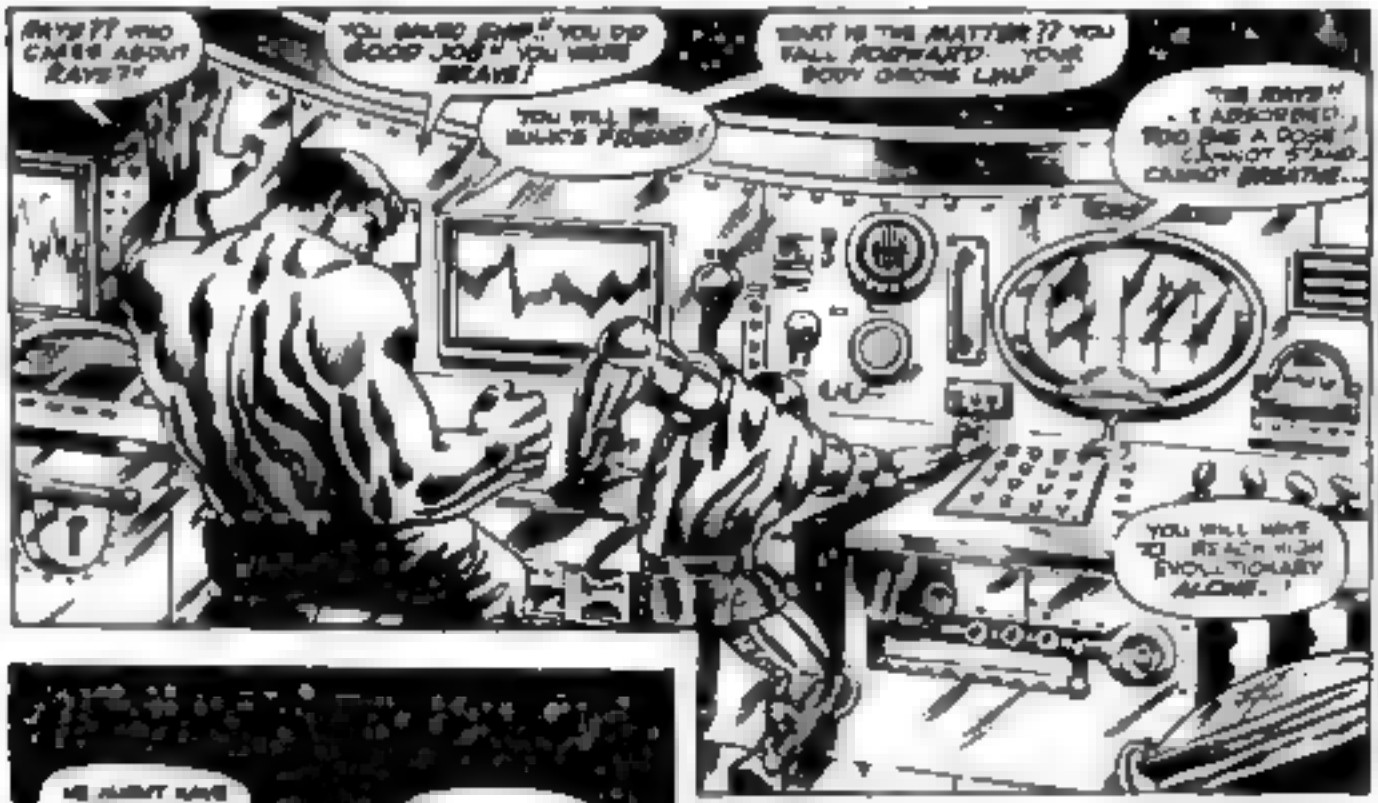
IT'S OVER! RIP IS STEADY NOW!
IF I CAN REACH THE CONTROLS— BEFORE THE NEXT IMPACT..!

THE SHIP CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER BLOW SHOCK!!
BUT PERHAPS.. THERE IS STILL TIME!!
THE HULK MUST DO IT! I HAVE STRENGTH!! TELL ME..!

YOUR STRENGTH IS LOWLIER TO IT'S NOW!
EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON HIM! FAST HE CAN THINK BEFORE WE'RE HIT AGAIN!

BUT AT THAT VERY SECOND
IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN! EVEN WORSE!!
CAN'T FAIL NOW! MUST HOLD CONTROLS UNTIL... WE'RE SAFE!

WE FOUND IT! WE'VE PAST THE STORM AREA!
BUT WE WERE TOO CLOSE TO THE RAYS! THEY'VE PENETRATED... THE SHIP!


ANY?? WHO CARES ABOUT RAYS??
YOU SAVED SHIP!! YOU DID GOOD JOB!! YOU WERE BRAVE!
YOU WILL BE HULK'S FRIEND!
WHAT IS THE MATTER?? YOU FALL FORWARD.. YOUR BODY CROSS LINE!
THE RAYS!! I ABSORBED! TOO BIG A DOSE! CANNOT STAND! CANNOT BREATHE..
YOU WILL HAVE TO REACH HIGH EVOLUTIONARY ALONE..!

SECONDS LATER, AS THE MYSTERIOUS COSMIC RAYS SLOWLY FADE AWAY, ONE STAGGERING THOUGHT PENETRATES THE CLOUDED BRAIN OF THE BEWILDERED HULK!
PILOT IS DEAD?
HERE.. IN MYSTERIOUS SHIP.. SOME WHERE IN SPACE HULK IS ALONE ONCE AGAIN!

HE MUST HAVE BECAME MY ENEMY!!
BUT NOW IT'S TOO LATE! I LOST HIM!

NO MATTER WHERE I GO.. IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME!

EVERYONE WHO IS CLOSE TO HULK MUST SUFFER!
WHY DIDN'T RAYS KILL ME TOO?! WHY DO I LIVE?!

BUT NOTHING CAN KILL ME.. NOTHING CAN HURT ME!
I AM.. THE HULK!!

BUT ALTHOUGH HE CANNOT REALIZE IT AT THE TIME THE POWERFUL *COSMIC RAYS*, PERMEATING THE SHIP *HAVE* AFFECTED HIM. AND WITHIN THE NEXT SPLIT-SECOND, THE MOST INCREDIBLE *TRANSFORMATION* OF ALL TIME AGAIN TAKES PLACE ...

I'M *CHANGING*..!

I'M GROWING *SMALLER* ... *WEAKER*..!

EVEN MY *SKIN*.. LOSING IT'S *GREEN* COLOUR!

THEN..FINALLY...

THE HULK IS *GONE!*

I'VE BECOME *BRUCE BANNER* AGAIN!

IF ONLY I COULD REMEMBER CLEARLY.. WHAT *HAPPENED*... WHERE I AM ..!

EVERYTHING SO *HAZY*.. LIKE A FADING *NIGHTMARE*!!

EXCEPT.. I FEEL THAT *THIS* NIGHT-MARE *IS* JUST *BEGINNING*!!

WHILE..ON THE PLANET *BRUNHA-GORE* II

I'M IN *LUCK!*

I MANAGED TO ACTIVATE THE *REMOTE CONTROL* VIEWER!

I CAN PEER INTO MY SHIP'S CONTROL ROOM NOW!

BUT I NEVER EXPECTED TO *SEE* THE UNBELIEVABLE *CHANGE* I JUST WITNESSED!

THE HULK *IS* ON BOARD... BUT SOMETHING *HAPPENED* TO HIM!!

SOMETHING TRANSFORMED HIM INTO A *NORMAL* HUMAN BEING!

MY TIME IS RUNNING OUT..CAN'T WONDER ABOUT IT ANY LONGER!

I'VE GOT TO GUIDE THE SHIP IN FOR A *SAFE LANDING!*

ANY LIVING MAN WHO CAN TRANSFORM HIM-SELF INTO *TWO DIFFERENT BEINGS* COULD PROVE INCALCULABLY *DANGEROUS!!*

I'LL BRING MY *VACUUM-RAY BLASTER*.. IT'S THE MOST *POWERFUL* WEAPON IN MY ENTIRE *ARSENAL!*

BUT IF I CANNOT CHANGE HIM BACK TO THE *HULK* IF I CANNOT ENLIST HIS *STRENGTH* IN THE BATTLE AGAINST MY *NEW-MEN*...

THEN HE'LL BE TOTALLY *USELESS* TO ME!..

UNLESS THIS HAS PROVEN TO BE A *BLESSING* IN DISGUISE

IF HE *REMAINS* IN NORMAL HUMAN FORM.. HE'LL BE TOO *WEAK* TO DEFY ME!

I MAY FIND *ANOTHER* STILL MORE *DEADLY* USE FOR HIM WHEN HE LANDS.

AND, BACK ON THE *SHIP* ONCE AGAIN --

THERE'S A *MAN* ON THE FLOOR LYING THERE.. *MOTIONLESS*..

NO!! HE HE ONLY *LOOKS* MAN-LIKE" BUT WHAT ..?

HE'S NEITHER *MAN*... NOR *BEAST* .. BUT SOME SORT OF FANTASTIC *COMBINATION* OF THEM BOTH!

THERE'S NO *PULSE*.. NO *HEARTBEAT*!! ..HE'S *DEAD!*

BUT.. WE'RE THE ONLY TWO ABOARD THIS SHIP!! THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ..

THE HULK *MUST HAVE* *KILLED* HIM!

IF ONLY.. WHEN THE *CHANGES* OCCUR.. IF ONLY I COULD *REMEMBER*!!

THE SHIP IS *SLOWING* DOWN! I CAN *FEEL* IT!

THERE'S A *PLANET* LOOMING AHEAD..ON THE VIEW-SCREEN!!

BUT.. *WHERE*?!

WHERE..IN THIS MAD..MYSTERIOUS *UNIVERSE* HAS *DESTINY* *BROUGHT* ME?!

WHAT HAS THE *HULK* TO DO WITH A FLIGHT INTO *SPACE*?!

IF ONLY I COULD *REMEMBER*..!

SOMETHING IS *GUIDING* THE SHIP.. BY REMOTE CONTROL!

IT'S DESCENDING ... INTO A SUB-SURFACE AREA!

SOME SORT OF DOME IS CLOSING ABOVE ME!

WHEREVER I AM... ONE THING IS CERTAIN -

I'M TRAPPED HERE!

ATTENTION!! I AM THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY!

YOU HAVE LANDED UPON HIGH-GORE II ... AS MY GUEST!

WITHIN SECONDS, A RAMP WILL BE LOWERED... SO THAT YOU MAY DESCEND!

THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY?? HIGH-GORE II ??

WHAT FANTASTIC ALIEN UNIVERSE HAVE I STUMBLED INTO ??

THE RAMP... IT'S OPENING!

THERE'S A MAN DOWN BELOW - IN SOME STRANGE ATTIRE

BUT HE'S UNDENIABLY HUMAN!

MAYBE NOW I'LL LEARN SOME ANSWERS!

SO, YOU ARE THE ONE WHO WAS FORMERLY... THE HULK!

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

I SAW WHAT HAPPENED UPON MY SHIP!

BUT I HAVE LITTLE TIME FOR IDLE TALK...

NO DOUBT YOU HAVE MANY QUESTIONS!

AND THE ANSWERS WILL BE FOUND HERE WITHIN THE MAIN POWER COMPLEX WHICH I HAVE CREATED!

I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH MACHINES ... SUCH HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED CONTROL ELEMENTS!!

STUNNED BY THE SIGHT THAT GREETS HIS STARTLED EYES THE SCIENTIST WITHIN BRUCE BANNER FORGETS HIS MYSTERIOUS PLIGHT AS HE GAZES AT THE MARVELS BEFORE HIM IN UNDISGUISED AWE... UNTIL...

WALK STRAIGHT AHEAD! YOU MAY INSPECT WHAT YOU WISH!

HE PROBABLY DOESN'T REALIZE THAT I TOO AM A SCIENTIST! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET CLOSE TO THOSE CONTROLS!

ALL THESE CIRCUITS... THESE ELECTRONIC POWER PATTERNS ARE THE WORK OF A SPECIALIST IN BIO-CHEMISTRY!

THERE ARE DEVICES TO INFLUENCE BLOOD CELLS... BRAIN TISSUES... THE GENETIC PATTERNS OF HEREDITY!

BUT FOR WHAT PURPOSE??

HE'S IN POSITION NOW... AND HE STILL SUSPECTS NOTHING!

I'VE DONE IT!

ONE BLAST FROM MY VACUUM RAY WILL PREVENT YOUR BODY FROM UNDERGOING ANY NEW PHYSICAL CHANGE --UNTIL I WISH IT!

I CAN'T MOVE!! IT'S AS THOUGH YOU'VE STOLEN -- MY WILL... FROM ME

I REGRET THE NECESSITY OF SUCH AN ACT -

BUT I CANNOT TAKE THE CHANCE OF YOU BECOMING THE HULK AGAIN FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES!

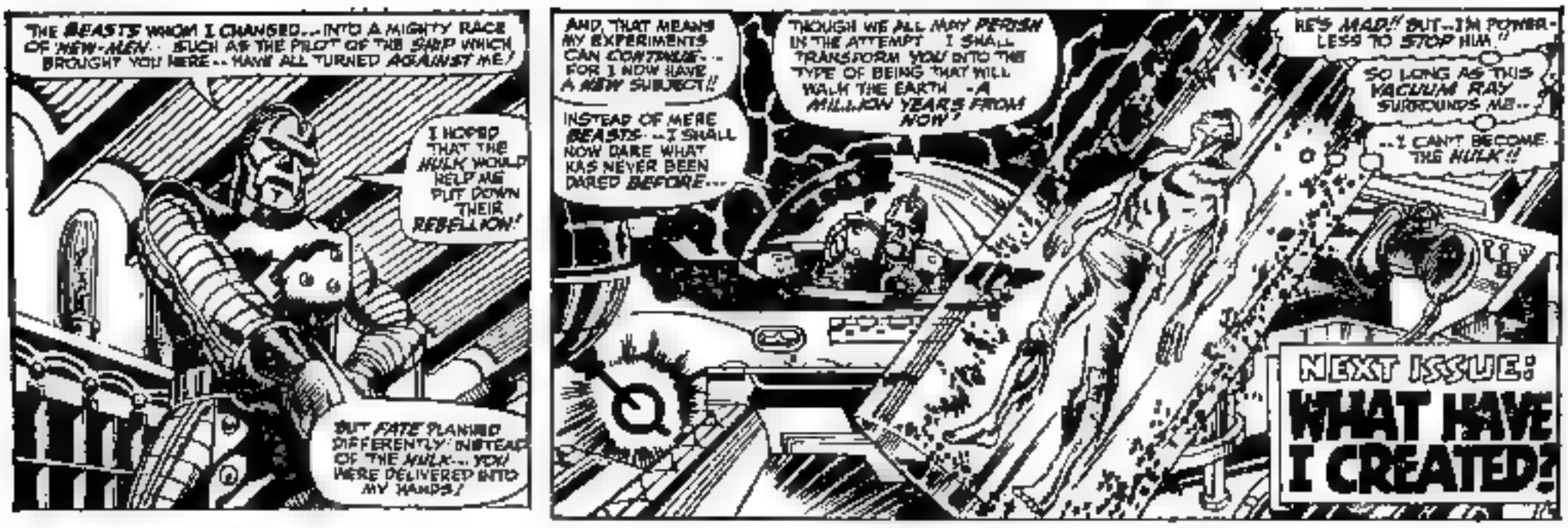
THE NEXT FEW... MINUTES??

PRECISELY!

A GLASS CAGE... DESCENDING OVER ME!

FOR MANY LONG MONTHS I CONDUCTED MY VITAL, LIFE-CHANGING EXPERIMENTS UPON BEASTS TRYING TO FIND THE ULTIMATE ANSWER TO... EVOLUTION!

BUT NOW... THOSE EXPERIMENTS HAVE ALL COME TO NAUGHT!


THE BEASTS WHOM I CHANGED... INTO A MIGHTY RACE OF NEW-MEN... SUCH AS THE PILOT OF THE SHIP WHICH BROUGHT YOU HERE -- HAVE ALL TURNED AGAINST ME!
I HOPED THAT THE HULK WOULD HELP ME PUT DOWN THEIR REBELLION!
BUT FATE PLANNED DIFFERENTLY! INSTEAD OF THE HULK... YOU WERE DELIVERED INTO MY HANDS!
AND, THAT MEANS MY EXPERIMENTS CAN CONTINUE... FOR I NOW HAVE A NEW SUBJECT!!
INSTEAD OF MERE BEASTS -- I SHALL NOW DARE WHAT HAS NEVER BEEN DARED BEFORE...
THOUGH WE ALL MAY PERISH IN THE ATTEMPT I SHALL TRANSFORM YOU INTO THE TYPE OF BEING THAT WILL WALK THE EARTH -A MILLION YEARS FROM NOW!
HE'S MAD!! BUT -- I'M POWERLESS TO STOP HIM!!
SO LONG AS THIS VACUUM RAY SURROUNDS ME...
...I CAN'T BECOME THE HULK!!
NEXT ISSUE:
WHAT HAVE I CREATED?

MEET... Mister Knowall *

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

KNOTTY PROBLEMS!

Ever seen a knot tie itself? You have knot?

Never mind, your mates will think that is what they are seeing when you demonstrate this trick with your "magic" string.

Actually, all you do is to tie a loose knot a few inches from one end of a 2ft. length of string. When you hold up the string in your right hand this knot is hidden beneath your fingers (A)

Now pick up the lower end of the string in the same hand and throw this end forward a few times.

Then suddenly with the cry of "ABRACADABRA" KEEP THE LOWER PART IN YOUR HAND—and throw out the knotted end (B). With practice it will look as though a knot has appeared in the string by magic!

Now challenge your mates to tie a knot in the string with ONE hand. I doubt if any of them will do it. But it is so easy. All you do is hold the string as in picture "A" then turn your hand as in picture "B" catching the short loose end as you do so.

Shake your hand so that the loop around your wrist falls off—and there is the knot!

With a bit of speed and practice—you will be able to do this so quickly that it will look as if you just shook the string and the knot appeared. Try it!

Last, but not least, is the trick of tying a knot in the string while you are holding onto both ends.

And if you think that's easy—just you try it!

See—you need the Knowall knowhow, after all. And here it is....

Lay the string straight out on a table in front of you. Now fold your arms—and pick up one end of the string in either hand. Keep holding onto the ends while you completely unfold your arms and—HEY PRESTO!—There is a knot in the string!

Did YOU know?

Houdini was the king of the escape merchants. He could get out of chained up milk churns and nailed up boxes sunk in water. It looked like no one could beat him—until he was challenged to get out of a police cell. He struggled and struggled with the lock of the cell—but even the Great Houdini could not unlock it. In the end, he had to shout for the warder to let him out. And was Houdini's face red when he did! For the warder had only *pretended* to lock the door when he went away. Houdini had been trying for hours to pick a lock that was already open!

One of Houdini's greatest tricks was the "Water Torture Cell." The great escapologist had himself chained up, head downwards, in a tank of water. Then, while holding his breath, he proceeded to make his escape.

A brilliant touch of showmanship was to have a very nervous-looking assistant standing by, armed with a fireman's axe, ready to shatter the glass in case of accident.

But never mind about Houdini, YOU can stay under water—without special breathing apparatus or a submarine—for longer than 5 minutes.

Boast to your gang that you have mastered this feat. Then, when challenged to prove it, fill a cup with water and hold it above your head. You will be standing UNDER water—and you can stay there as long as you like!

RINGING OFF

Do you know how to push a teapot through a curtain ring? You just poke a finger THROUGH the ring, using the fingertip to push the teapot. There—you've pushed the teapot through the ring!

But can you take a curtain ring off a pencil, the ends of which are held tightly by your friend? You must not break the ring or snap the pencil. If it sounds impossible, remember the teapot trick. . . .

All you need do is hold up the ring so that it does not touch the pencil. Then the ring will be OFF the pencil—and you've done it!

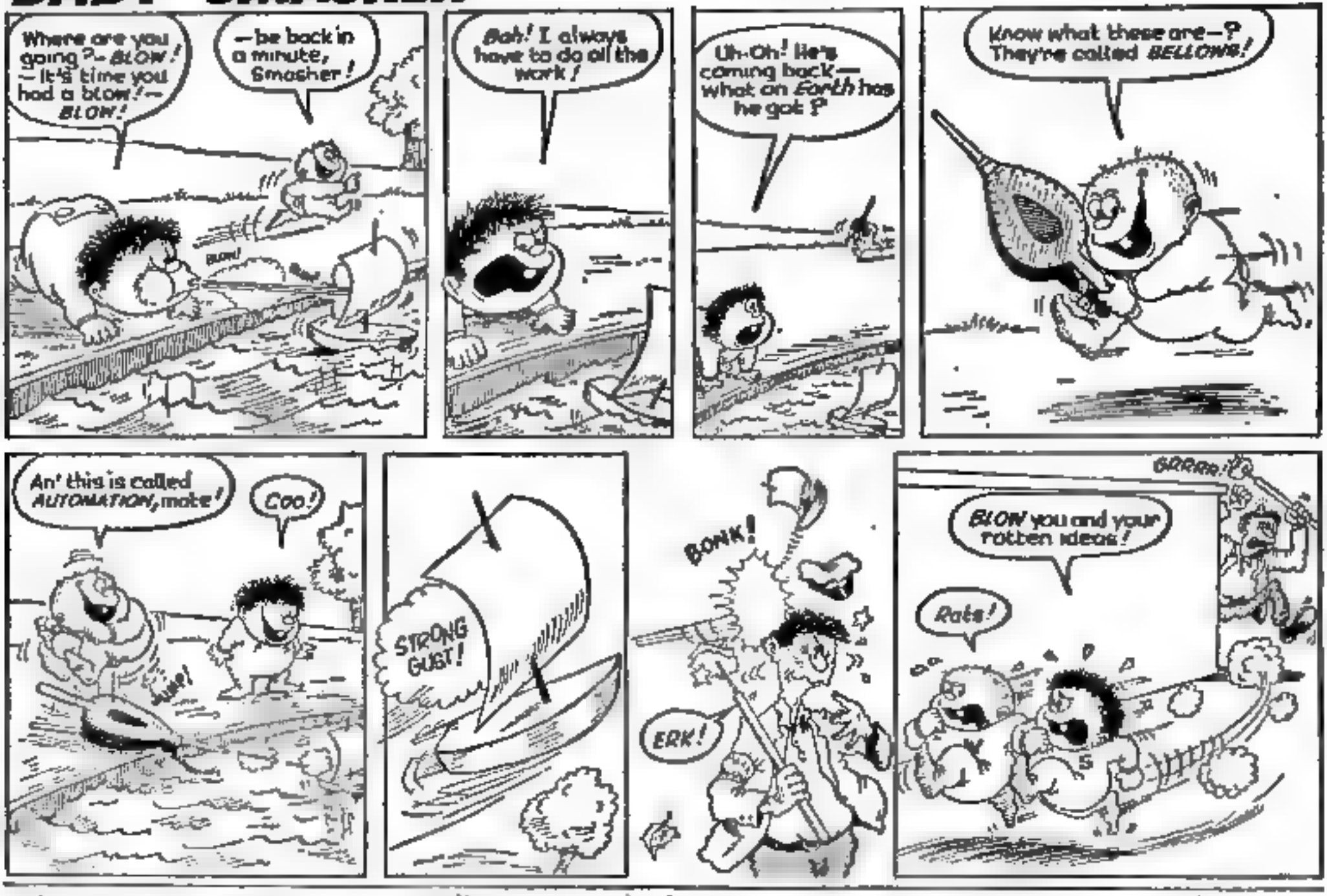
THE MULTIPLYING PIGS

The Japanese are very clever at making all sorts of toy animals by folding, cutting and tearing a sheet of paper. Tell your mates that you have studied a book on Japanese paper-tearing and that you can do it.

Tell them that you will tear out a pig, but that—to make it even more difficult—you will tear the paper behind your back. Take a sheet of newspaper, hold it behind your back and begin tearing it up into little bits which you let drop on the floor.

Then, when you show your empty hands at the end of the demonstration, point to the floor. You have gone one better than the Japanese and made a LITTER!

BABY SMASHER


Where are you going?—BLOW!—It's time you had a blow!—BLOW!
—be back in a minute, Smasher!
Bah! I always have to do all the work!
Uh-Oh! He's coming back—what on Earth has he got?
Know what these are—? They're called BELLOWS!
An' this is called AUTOMATION, mate!
COO!
STRONG GUST!
BONK!
ERK!
GRRRR!
BLOW you and your rotten ideas!
Rats!

SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I have only been able to calculate the following from half the number of issues of SMASH, because it is so good that our copies are often borrowed by friends and relatives, never to be seen again. Therefore, these are only approximations taken from 45 copies: Ronnie Rich acquires an average of £1.476 5s. 11d. per week and, if he has saved all his money he now has £118,103 10s. 1d. In another 10 years he will have accumulated his £1,000,000 and also saved himself a great deal of trouble. So he can stop worrying!

L. Sharp,
Lincoln.

And up here in the Garret, we're all hoping that when Ronnie finally does get his money, he'll send a little our way! Meanwhile, Merry Margaret will be sending "a little" your way!

Alf. and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I am writing to tell you that in SMASH 83 you showed Cos coming out of his office when Grimly Feendish was just about to rob him, and the address outside the office was 96 Long Acre and anyone knows it is 64 Long Acre.

Peter Marshall,
Worksop, Notts.

N'true, Pete, but the world of Power is growing so fast that there just isn't room for all of us at "64" any more, so we've spread out right down Long Acre—and if we keep on going at this rate, even that won't be enough!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I'm not going to waste time saying how marvellous your comic is, I'm gonna get straight to the point. I want Westerns (Marvel Westerns, natch), namely Kid Colt, Rawhide Kid, Two-Gun Kid and Ghost Rider. Sure, you already have loads of super-heroes, but I would like a change, so please, please, at least one Western!

Mike Phillips,
Leeds 9.

Thanks for the idea, Mike. If any more of you power-packed ones agree "The West is Best," drop us a line!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

So Power Comics have done it again! Now you have put Daredevil in—the man without fear! Boy, what will you think of next?

Gerard McKay,
Salford, Lancs.

Keep reading "News from the Floor," Gerard, and you'll soon know!

Alf and Cos.

Fabulous pack of 100 assorted Australian stamps, all on paper and unsoaked, as imported direct from Australian charities. The mixture contains old stamps, new stamps, unusual and elusive sets including numerous large and special issues, commemoratives, and Christmas stamps. PLUS the famous 1954 BLACK SWAN stamp — very scarce nowadays. (Total catalogue value is over £1.) Sent ABSOLUTELY FREE to all who ask to see our superb Approvals. (Enclose 4d. stamp for postage, and please inform your parents.)

UNIVERSAL STAMP COMPANY
(Dept. SM40), Easington, Goole, Yorks

Wonderful packet of Commonwealth stamps honouring Sir Winston Churchill from Tristan da Cunha, Antigua, Montserrat, etc. Mint and used, these one day may be valuable. Sent ABSOLUTELY FREE. Ask to see our Big Discount Special Approvals. Buy any you want—return those not wanted. Please tell your parents.

PHILATELIC SERVICES
(Dept. SM), Easington, Goole, Yorks

THE ADVENTURES OF

ANGLO ACE

WHAT WAS THAT ??

RASH

OUR STORY OPENS WITH ANGLO ACE DINING WITH FRIENDS...

THANK HEAVENS I'VE FOUND YOU ANGLO ACE THERE'S A TANKER ON FIRE AT THE DOCK AND IT'S RIGHT NEXT TO THE OIL STORAGE TANKS. IF THEY GO UP THE WHOLE TOWN WILL BLOW

I'M ON MY WAY.

MY ROCKET BOOTS WILL SOON HAVE ME AT THE FIRE.

ANGLO ACE FLIES TO THE SCENE OF THE FIRE

I THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWER

WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ANGLO BUT WE CAN'T CONTROL THE FIRE SOMEBODY HAS GOT TO MOVE THE SHIP OUT TO SEA... BUT IT'S TOO HOT TO GET NEAR.

ANGLO ACE MEETS THE FIRE CHIEF ON THE FIRE-THREATENED QUAY

ANGLO ACE DRAWS HIS BUBBLE GUN AND SHOOTS A BUBBLE OF MONSTROUS SIZE WHICH COMPLETELY SURROUNDS THE SHIP AND THE FIRE!

STAND BACK EVERYBODY

WHO

SPLASH

ANGLO ACE TOWS THE BUBBLE CONTAINING THE FIRE-SWEPT SHIP OUT TO SEA.

I THOUGHT THAT MY BUBBLE GUM AND SUPER TIP-TOP BUBBLE— WOULD DO THE TRICK.

BROOM

WELL DONE ANGLO ACE YOU SAVED US AND THE TOWN IN THE NICK OF TIME.

THAT WAS HARD WORK. NOW I CAN MAKE UP FOR MY LOST DINNER WITH BUBBLY. MAKE SURE YOU WATCH MY NEXT ADVENTURE AND DON'T FORGET THERE'S MORE FLAVOUR MORE CHEW AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES WITH ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS. TRY ALL FIVE ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS... THEY'RE GREAT.

ANGLO BUBBLY

ANGLO TIP TOP

ANGLO PEAK

ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHEW - AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

FROM AMERICA ACROSS THE OCEAN TO HOLLAND FLIES A JET LINER FOR THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE PASSENGERS IT CARRIES, A WEIRD ADVENTURE HAS ENDED...AND AN EVEN STRANGER ONE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

THERE IS HOPE AND EXCITEMENT ON THE FACE OF RUBBERMAN AS THE FLAT COASTLINE OF HOLLAND DRAWS NEARER

FOUR TIMES I'VE CROSSED THE SEA! TWENTY THOUSAND MILES I'VE TRAVELLED SINCE, SINCE IT ALL BEGAN...!

BUT MAYBE THIS TIME, I SHALL SEE THE END OF MY FRUITLESS TRAVELS. MAYBE HERE I SHALL FIND WHAT I HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR... FOR SO LONG!

IN HIS MIND'S EYE THE INCREDIBLE RUBBERMAN THINKS BACK OVER THOSE MANY FATEFUL MONTHS..

ALTHOUGH A MAN MADE OF RUBBER CAN HELP HUMANITY, HE IS STILL A *FREAK!* HE IS ALWAYS ALONE... FOR HE CAN NEVER BE AS OTHER PEOPLE...! THAT IS HIS CURSE! THAT IS *MY* CURSE!

A HATED, TURBANED HEAD SWIMS ACROSS HIS MEMORY

AND IT WAS HE WHO PUT THE CURSE ON ME! IT IS ONLY *HE* WHO CAN REMOVE IT AND MAKE ME A NORMAL HUMAN BEING AGAIN! IF ONLY I CAN FIND HIM

THEN, JUST THE DAY BEFORE, AT THE WEST CITY AIRPORT, U.S.A.

HE MADE HIS MIND UP JUST ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, AND DECIDED TO CATCH THE FLIGHT...TO HOLLAND!

WELL, HE'S A MILLIONAIRE SO HE CAN AFFORD TO TOUR THE WORLD JUST ON A WHIM! BUT I'D RATHER HAVE NO DOUGH, LIKE I'VE GOT, THAN BE RICH AND BE LIKE *HIM!*

AS RUBBERMAN SAT IN HIS SEAT, READY FOR TAKE-OFF...

WOULD YOU LIKE A NEWSPAPER TO READ, QU...ER, MA...ER...SIR?

THANKS! AND DON'T BE EMBARRASSED. THE WHOLE WORLD CALLS ME RUBBER-MAN.. SO WHY NOT YOU?

FINAL

PLEASE FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS...!

IT... IT'S *HIM!*

THERE... JUST GETTING INTO THAT TAXI! I'D KNOW THAT FACE ANYWHERE! IT *IS* HIM!

AMBASSADO IN SLUISHAVEN

HE'S IN HOLLAND! AND I WAS ABOUT TO FLY TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EARTH!

I CAN'T GO TO INDIA NOW! LET ME GET OUT OF HERE...!

BUT BUT...!

AND SO, RUBBERMAN COMES TO HOLLAND...

I'VE STILL GOT TO FIND HIM. BUT I HAVE ONE CLUE! THE REGISTRATION NUMBER OF THE TAXI THE FAKIR USED... IT SHOWED CLEARLY ON THE PHOTOGRAPH.../

SLUISHAVEN

AS HE RACES FROM THE AIRPORT...

THERE IT IS! THE SAME TAXI! BUT HE'S PULLING AWAY! I'VE JUST MISSED HIM!...

...OR RATHER, I WOULD HAVE MISSED HIM, IF I'D BEEN LIKE ANYONE ELSE!

I'LL JUST STRETCH OUT A LITTLE... AND TURN OFF HIS IGNITION... THAT'LL STOP HIM!

THE TAXI-DRIVER REMEMBERS...

YES, I KNOW THE FELLOW! SMILING TO HIMSELF ALL THE TIME. VERY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF, HE WAS. DIDN'T LIKE THE LOOK OF HIM, THOUGH!

BUT WHERE DID YOU TAKE HIM? DO YOU REMEMBER THAT?

CERTAINLY I DO! THAT WAS THE FUNNIEST THING OF ALL! HE ASKED TO BE TAKEN TO THE OLD BOTANICAL GARDENS!

THEN THAT'S WHERE *WE'RE* GOING! AND JUST ABOUT AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

THEY DRIVE TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...

WELL, HERE IT IS, BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD. SINCE THIS RICH FELLOW BOUGHT IT JUST ABOUT A YEAR AGO, *NO-ONE* CAN GET INSIDE. AND THOSE GUARDS ARE THERE TO MAKE SURE NO-ONE *DOES*!

IT'S A MASSIVE DOME OF SOME KIND OF GLASS! DARKENED, SO THAT NO-ONE CAN SEE INSIDE!

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME. YOUR INDIAN FRIEND MAY HAVE BEEN LET INSIDE, BUT YOU'LL *NEVER* BE!

IF THE FAKIR WENT INSIDE... THEN SO MUST I! I MUSTN'T LOSE HIM... *NOT THIS TIME!*

I WON'T TRY TO FORCE MY WAY PAST THOSE GUARDS! BUT MAYBE I CAN FIND A GAP IN THE DOME THROUGH WHICH I CAN ENTER. AND ME BEING MADE OF RUBBER, IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A BIG GAP, EITHER!

BUT AS RUBBERMAN STARTS TO CLIMB...

WITH A LOT OF LUCK, AND PROVIDING I'M NOT SEEN, MAYBE I'LL GET INSIDE!

NEXT WEEK: **THE KILLER FLOWER!**

THE NERVS

TAKE YOUR TIME, FATTY – YOU'LL BE BLOWN UP LIKE A BALLOON!
SLOP!
CHOMP!
MUNCH!
SLURP!

YIPEE! GOOD OLD FATTY! HE'S EATING MASHED SPUDS! NOW WE CAN HAVE A SPUD-BALL FIGHT!

HEH! HEH! FATTY WAS BITING HIS NAILS YESTERDAY – THEY MAKE SMASHING SKIS!

HEH! HEH! I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING WITH MY SPUD-BALLS!
STOMACH

THOSE TWERPS IN THE LUNG DEPARTMENT WOULDN'T LET ME BORROW THEIR LUNG PUMP TO BLOW UP MY BALLOON AT CHRISTMAS – I'LL TEACH THEM NOT TO BE GREEDY! HEH! HEH!

AAGH! IT'S SAMMY STOMACH NERV! WHAT'S HE PLAYING AT?
LUNG DEPT.
SPLAT!
LUNG PUMP
HEH! HEH! REVENGE! REVENGE!

HEH! HEH! HEH!
LUNG DEPARTMENT
GRRR! CHEEKY LITTLE TWERP!
ZOOM!
HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THAT!

WE'LL GATHER UP THE SPUDS AND MAKE MORE SPUDBALLS!
YEAH! AND WE'LL BORROW THE LUNG PUMP! FATTY CAN DO WITHOUT IT FOR A MINUTE!

HEH! HEH! THIS'LL PUMP OUT SPUDBALLS AT A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR!
TEE-HEE! FATTY'S GOING TO BE BREATHLESS THOUGH!

GASP! I'M OUT OF WIND! GASP! GASP!
I'M NOT SURPRISED! YOU HARDLY STOP FOR BREATH!

HEH! HEH! I'LL OPEN THE DOOR AND IN WE GO! WE'LL LET THEM ALL HAVE IT! THEY'RE ALL AS BAD AS THAT SAMMY!
STOMACH DEPARTMENT

SPLODGE!
AAGH! IT'S AN ATTACK! IT'S THE LUNG NERVS!
SPLAT!
THEY'RE PUMPING SPUDBALLS AT US!
AND THERE ARE PLENTY MORE TO COME!

GRRR! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, SAMMY! STOP THOSE TWERPS BEFORE WE'RE ALL HALF-KILLED!
YES! YES! OUCH! I'LL TRY! OOH! OOH!
THUNK!

HEH! HEH! THIS SAUSAGE SKIN COULD DO THE TRICK!

FROZEN PEA

TALLY-HO! I'M READY TO GO!

FROZEN SPAGHETTI

BASH!

CHARGE!

AAGH! IT'S SAMMY!

WAA-AAH! BURBLE!

HEH! HEH! THIS WILL STOP ANY MORE SPUDBALLS COMING OUT! I'M A PROPER OLD GENIUS!

G-GULP! THEY HAVEN'T SWITCHED OFF THE PUMP! IT'S BLOWING UP THE SKIN!

AAGH! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THAT CLOT SAMMY KNOCKED OUT THE ONLY BLOKE WHO KNOWS HOW TO WORK IT AND SWITCH IT OFF!

WHY DO I ALWAYS GET THE BLAME?

OH NECK! THAT SAUSAGE BALLOON HAS REACHED THE STOMACH WALLS AND IT'S STILL SWELLING!!!

HELP! MUM! LOOK AT MY STOMACH! IT'S SWELLING LIKE MAD!

NO WONDER! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE EATEN! I TOLD YOU YOU'D GO UP LIKE A BALLOON! IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IN THE LEAST IF YOU BURST!

WELL, IF I'M GOING TO BURST, I'M GOING TO HAVE THIS GOOSEBERRY PIE FIRST! GASP! GASP!

OH, NO! WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? HOW GREEDY CAN YOU GET!

SAUSAGE BALLOON

GULP! WAIT FOR IT! THAT SPIKEY GOOSEBERRY HIT THE SAUSAGE BALLOON!

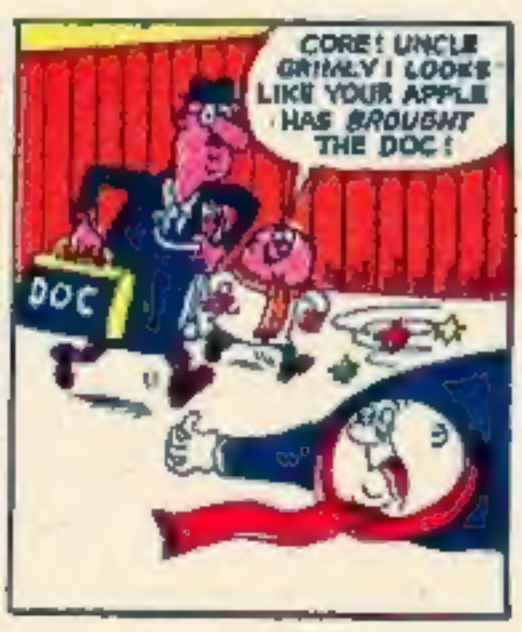
BANG!

YEOW! LOOK, MUM! IT'S GOING DOWN! I'M NOT GOING TO BURST!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE EATS MORE AND HE GETS THINNER! I GIVE UP!

BAH! NO MORE SPUDBALL FIGHTS FOR ME TODAY! MY MATES AREN'T GOING TO UNTIE ME TILL BEDTIME!

SPAGHETTI



There's a PLOT to set alight all BROCK'S fireworks

November 5